

Sisters' S. C. E.

FROM THE CALIFORNIA S. S. O. E.

To use an appreciated privilege, improve a favorable opportunity, and to discharge what I feel to be a duty, for the benefit and encouragement of all, and, especially the dear sisters, I feel like writing a little. Although we have been quiet we have not been sleeping nor idle, but we have been and still are trying to work regularly, and according to our ability and opportunities in the Master's cause.

When we organized our Sister's Society of Christian Endeavor near Vernalis, on what is known as "The West Side," it being a part of the great San Joaquin Valley on the west side of the San Joaquin river,—we decided to do what we could toward raising funds for the erection of a church near this place. We have meeting regularly for some time in Vernalis hall, but recently in the pleasant home of our esteemed and zealous sister, Phoebe Brown, who is my faithful co-worker as vice president of our society. Here we have been meeting for worship and for work, and for the purpose of taking sweet sisterly counsel together.

Some time ago, Brother Brown, husband of our sister Phoebe, purchased a large building at Lathrop, which had been used for public business, in the hope that it could be moved and converted into a church. Our philosophic and mechanical brother C. E. Doty, gave assurance that this could be done. Resting upon the judgment of these and other brethren, we sisters concluded to take an active part, and to make an effort to raise funds. This we decided to do by arranging for a fair and dinner at Cowell's station, a few miles from Vernalis. The arrangement was made, the fair was held, many sales were made, and the dinner was enjoyed. Our able and admired minister and pastor, brother S. J. Harrison, was our orator and did excellent service, all of which was much appreciated and enjoyed. Sister Harrison and their little son Frank were also with us.

Our worthy sisters, Mrs. Mollie Carpenter, treasurer, and Miss Connie Doty, secretary, inform us that more than two-thirds of the cost of the building were cleared. Thus the good Lord is blessing our efforts, and we feel much encouraged in our Christian Endeavor. No doubt the brethren will improve their time and opportunity to move and reconstruct the building; and it will not be very long until we shall have a Brethren church on the West Side. Perhaps it is not necessary to give a minute outline of our program for fair and dinner; but if it should

be of any advantage to any to know more about it, the information will be given with pleasure.

I might state in conclusion, as matters of news, that we are sorry to be informed that Brother Harrison contemplates leaving us and returning to Illinois. While this makes us sad, it will make them glad wherever he may be called to labor in the Lord's vineyard. But while our dear brother and sister think of leaving us, the Lord does not, and already we have hopes that our afflicted and patient brother, elder P. S. Garman, will be restored, and will be able to take and fill the place here. It is known that he has lost a foot; but I am happy to say that the wound is about healed, and that he will soon be able to attach and use an artificial member. May the Lord spare and bless him, so that he may be able, for a long time, to do successful and acceptable work.

Yours for the work.

MRS. HANNAH E. BEER, Pres.
Vernalis, Cal.

FOUNDATIONS.

"Dear me!" Such a dismal voice as it was. Robert must have heard it even if there had not been such a clatter of dominoes just before the words and such a heavy sigh just after them.

It was a rainy Saturday. Margaret was in one corner of the great garret play-room building a Tower of Babel. Robert was in the "whittling corner" trying to get the right curve to the keel of his boat, *Defender*. She was to sail in the race on Grandma Thorne's duck pond, the next Saturday. Now an odd thing happened. Two voices began to talk inside of Robert's jacket, so that no one but Robert could hear them. This is what they said:

"Say, why don't you help her?"

"Oh! she ought to be able to play by herself."

"But she's been sick and her hands are not very steady."

"Well it will teach her patience to keep on trying."

"It might have taught you patience to have kept on trying at those sails."

The *Defender's* sails, neatly hemmed, were lying there waiting for the masts and ropes to hold them in their places. Margaret had taken ever so many patient stitches in them.

"Oh! well, it's girl's work to poke over sewing."

"It's boys' work to build things straight and solid."

Now, no boy, you know, can do much with a knife when a quarrel like that is going on inside of his jacket. It is no wonder that Robert soon threw down his shipbuilding.

"Let's see, Sis," he said, "perhaps the floor is not even. Bring the dominoes over here on the table. Maybe you can build a sky scraper, after all."

"Good for you, Rob!" said one of the voices inside his jacket.

The other one had nothing more to say.

Block by block the tower rose. Margaret hardly dared to breathe for fear she might "joggle" the beautiful building.

When she told her mother about it at lunch, she said: "If a boy could build them so much higher than a little girl can, I s'pose a man could build a tower as high as the room if he had dominoes enough."

"Oh! no, he couldn't, Meggie," said Robert, in his big-brother tone. "It's sure to get jigg-bety when it gets up high—never mind who does it. But, mother, why is it—you can build carefully as anything and the toppling point is sure to come?"

"It's a matter of foundations. Nothing ever gets to be very high that is built on the surface."

"Why, mother, weren't those high buildings we saw in Chicago built on the top of the ground?" asked Margaret.

"Not in the first place. The real beginning was away down deep, out of sight."

"A lot depends upon those dirty-looking workmen that built the foundations, doesn't it, though?" said Robert, thoughtfully.

"Yes, indeed; and whenever I see them I think of you and Margaret."

"Why, mother, we are not dirty, digging persons," laughed the little girl.

"No; but you are putting in your foundation stones. Whenever I see you giving up your own will for the good of other people, or telling the whole truth bravely when it is not easy to tell it; or doing duty when play seems pleasanter, I think, 'There go some good foundation stones.'"

"It seems a little like the building men in Bible stories, doesn't it?" said Margaret.

"Why, mother, said Robert, "it seems to me there's a good deal of that kind of thing in the Bible, anyway. Let's hunt them up for our 'find out' verses, tomorrow afternoon. I'll help Meggie, and—you can help me," he added, laughing.

MARY L. BRODHEAD.

"THE love we have to God is realized in our love to men. It cannot abide alone. They who have thought to gain it by retirement and meditation have found it only a will o'-the-wisp, save as it has issued in the love that seeks men and tries to do them good."